The American Weekly
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"Nancy"

Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy,

Painted by Her Distinguished Husband

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My Way of Teaching Piano Was Laughed at in 1891

But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man.

I make them skilled players of the piano or organ in *quarter the usual time at quarter the usual price.*

DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

TO PERSONS who have not previously heard of my method this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail.*

Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing.* Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patent invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me*, and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Authoritative Opinions

Orison Swett Marsden, *Editor "Success"*—
"Dr. Quinn is recognized as one of the greatest living educators and musicians."

Elbert Hubbard, *Editor "The Philistine."*—
"I consider Dr. Marcus L. Quinn the greatest teacher of music that ever lived."

Rudolph Bismarck von Liebich, *"Noted Pianist, Composer, Lecturer and Critic"*—
"I hold Dr. Quinn for the best, clearest headed and most thorough pedagogue living."

Kenneth Harris, *"Author and Critic,"* Chicago, Ill.—
"Dr. Marcus L. Quinn has discovered the hitherto inscrutable Laws of Nature, as applied to Music, and by years of research and actual experience in teaching has reduced them to childish simplicity in their application.

F. S. Mendenhall, Ph.D., *"Organist and Conductor,"* Chicago, Ill.—
"I take great pleasure in commending heartily every detail of Dr. Quinn's work, because he is a musician of the highest character. His work rests upon the immutable laws of nature, which form the basis of a structure which cannot be destroyed."

Quinn Conservatory of Music:
In reply to yours of the 15th inst. will say that I did have the pleasure of studying harmony and composition with Dr. Quinn and enjoyed the work very much. In many respects his teaching is unique and so simple, yet conclusive, that the student has no trouble in keeping interested. His ideas are decided but practical, and I am sure any one who really wants to know, will find the time spent with him both pleasant and profitable.
You are at liberty to use this in any way that will help Dr. Quinn, whom I consider one of my good friends, and you will please convey to him my best wishes for his future success and prosperity.
Sincerely yours,
WILL A. HARDING.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each, and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others; and even for the wealthiest student there is nothing *better at any* price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

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Mystery of Stateroom No. 480

How Did Marie Empress, the Famous Tragedian Edmund Kean's Great-Grandniece, Vanish—Unheard and Unseen—from the Thronged Liner "Orduna"? What Drew Her Into Oblivion, from Its Brilliantly Lighted Decks Into the Cold, Black Waves?—Mysterious Ocean's Latest Enigma!

Photo by WHITE

One of the Newest Photographs of Marie Empress.

AT 6 o'clock on the evening of October 26 one of the stewardesses of the Cunard Line's great passenger ship "Orduna" knocked at the door of Stateroom 480. The ship was then two and a half hours out from Halifax on its way to its destination, New York.

The occupant of Stateroom 480, outside whose door the stewardess stood, was known on the stage as Marie Empress. She was in reality the great-grandniece of Edmund Kean, one of the greatest tragedians of the English stage, and Kean was her real name. Marie Empress was a comedienne, a favorite of the London music halls and on her way to conquer, if she could, the stage in America.

She was young, exceedingly attractive, alone, and, so far as any of her fellow passengers could see, untroubled.

The stewardess was bringing her a little dinner. At 6:30 she returned, carried away the dishes and received instructions to come back at half-past nine with sandwiches, which it was Miss Empress's custom to eat before retiring.

At precisely 9:30 the stewardess knocked at the door; receiving no reply she entered. The stateroom was empty. Thinking that the actress had gone to some other part of the ship she left the sandwiches.

At the usual time next morning she again knocked at the door of Stateroom 480; again receiving no reply she peeped in. There was no one there. The sandwiches lay untouched. The bed had not been slept in. Everything was exactly the same as it had been at 9:30 on the evening before when she had closed the door behind her!

A search was immediately made of the ship. No trace of Marie Empress could be found, nor any one who had seen her.

Sometime between 6:30 and 9:30 Marie Empress had vanished absolutely from the "Orduna!"

Now the mystery of a disappearance from a ship at sea possesses elements of fascination no other has. The sea itself is mysterious. A man afloat on it and within the power of its ever shifting and tremendous moods is never entirely unaware of its threat of unknown forces. This it is that made the psalmist sing: "They go down to the sea in ships that do business in great waters. These see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

Even on the greatest of ships, surrounded by his kind, man feels the immensity about him. And it is, probably, the recognition of the vast distances, the appalling power against which a man's strength is like the beating of a fly's wing in the tempest that sets a disappearance at sea as a thing apart from all others.

What was it that reached out of the great waters and plucked Marie Empress from the liner? What subtle spell—what promise of surcease of sorrow—came from the black and racing waves that night luring her to death in their icy arms? And how, from this well-lighted, carefully-watched ship, could she vanish without a single living soul having seen her?

Stateroom 480 is on what is known as "B" deck of the "Orduna." It has a door which opens into a passageway. Its one window is a thirteen-inch-wide porthole, far too small for a woman of Marie Empress's build to have passed through. It is only a foot and a half from the ceiling of the stateroom and opens out upon the sheer fall of the hull to the water. There was no gallery outside it.

And the porthole was locked from within!

To have gone on deck Marie Empress would have had to traverse several passageways in which people were constantly going and coming at this hour of the evening. She would have had to pass through several salons, always at least half filled, and the actress was of sufficiently striking personality not to have been able to slip through unobserved. To gain the decks she would also have had to pass by various stewards and officers, and, finally, having gotten there, it seems almost impossible that she could have slipped unnoticed to the rail and thrown herself over. All the decks and promenades are brilliantly lighted until long past the hour when she must have disappeared from the ship.

Here enters the first element of the mystery of Stateroom 480. How did Marie Empress leave the ship? Closely follows the second element—why?

The only person whom she seems to have made her confidante is the thin, little, gray-haired stewardess who waited upon her.

"She was dressed in black," said this woman, "with a little hat and a big veil, all black. I thought she might be a war widow. I said, 'Are you Miss or Mrs.?' She answered, 'I have never married, but I may soon.' I said, 'That's nice if you marry the right one.' And she answered, 'That's so; if you marry the right one!' But she didn't say anything more about marriage.

"She used to wonder where she would stop in New York. 'I really haven't any friends there,' she said, 'and I don't know where I'll stay.' I said, 'There are plenty of fine hotels. And the taxicabs will take you right there.' 'That's true,' she answered, in kind of an absent way. But lots of ladies have talked that way to me before landing.

"She said once that she hadn't been very well. There was a little mark, a red line, that ran straight across the side of her nose. She said she had got that hurt in an automobile accident. She said, 'When I get to New York I'm going to an hospital to be treated for it.'

"She seemed cheerful enough. She would make little jokes while I sewed the rips in her clothes. We had several laughs together about things I've forgotten. She seemed just like any other lady who was making the crossing, except that she was better looking and better humored.

"We left Halifax at half-past three in the afternoon Saturday. At 6 I rapped on the door and asked her if she wanted anything. At first she said, 'I don't feel very well and don't believe I'll take anything.' I insisted, and she said, 'All right, a little bit of chicken,' and I brought it her on a tray. When I came back to get the tray it was cleared. I said, "You did eat it, then.' She answered, 'Yes. Thank you. It was very nice.' 'Will you have sandwiches for the night?' I asked, and she said, 'Yes.' I made up her room and set out the sandwiches at half-past nine o'clock. She wasn't in her room. I thought she'd gone on deck. The next morning I tapped on the door. There wasn't any answer and I went in. Her bed hadn't been touched. I reported to the captain.' 'He had the ship searched from stern to bow three times. There wasn't a sign of her. No one remembered having seen her.

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Photo by MATHIAS

Marie Empress as She Appeared in the London Theatres Just Before Sailing to America.

Photo by WHITE

The Lost Actress in Her Role of English "Chappie"—One of Her Most Successful Impersonations.

"What was it that reached out of the great waters and plucked Marie Empress from the liner's deck? What subtle spell—what promise of surcease of sorrow—came from the black and racing waves that night luring her to death in their icy arms?"

"And the room was just as you see it now."

Nothing in all of this shows that the famous Kean's great-grandniece had gone on board contemplating suicide. Besides, there is other evidence that she did not.

In a rack above her berth were a number of photographs of herself—apparently placed aside to be given to press representatives on her arrival in New York. To the proprietor of an hotel at which she had formerly lived she sent from Halifax a cable:

"Arrive Monday. Please have room for me."

Certainly when she left Nova Scotia she had no thought of ending her career.

What was it that happened between 6:30 and 9:30 that night which swept her out of the ken of man?

The first possibility that occurs to the mind is, of course, love. Was there a broken romance, some one with whom she had parted in England and had parted, as perhaps she thought, forever? In the night did it seem to her that life without love was not worth living, and did the sighing of the waters as the ship cleaved through them bring to her the irresistible suggestion of finding forgetfulness within them? There is nothing, not a scrap of evidence, to show that such a love affair existed.

Did her courage fail her when within a day's sail of the city she hoped to conquer? For once she had failed here. She had played a small part with Lew Fields. She had played at Hammerstein's Victoria. When the Grand Opera House was converted temporarily into a music hall Miss Empress was the headliner. Then that happened which rarely happens in an American playhouse. The gallery booed her. Cat-calls accompanied one of her songs. The song was melodious and the singer was rarely beautiful, but the gallery disapproved of her love scenes with her pianist, Con Conrad. It thought them too realistic. The curtain was rung down. The pianist and the piano were moved below the stage, and Miss Empress resumed her songs.

"America is savage. I can never conquer it," she said after this unusual scene.

Could it be that, thinking of the past, she felt the battle before her to be too great for her strength, and in a moment of weakness and depression cast herself away?

There is the curious factor of the scar upon her face. A few years ago she appeared with this mark running along her neck from ear to chin. It was like a birthmark—or like the slash of a sharp knife! She managed to conceal it by the arrangement of her hair and by collars and neck swathings. On the stage, of course, the make-up hid it entirely. She, herself, said that she had received that scar in an automobile accident. Her oldest friends of that time said that it was the mark left by an attempt at suicide.

Whence came the smaller scar which the stewardess saw on the side of her nose, and have these two things any bearing upon the mystery of Stateroom 480?

"Maybe she was a stowaway. She could have slipped into men's clothes and hidden in the hold," said a petty officer. "There were men's clothes in her belongings. Maybe she got tired of a woman's life and thought she'd try a man's for a while. She could pass as a man without any trouble. She'd been a male impersonator." But this the high officers of the "Orduna" ridicule.

"She was too young and lovely to have sought such a death of her own will," said Walter Hast, who had been her fellow actor in Manchester. "But we must not forget the lure of the black waters at night. It is like the call of a lover to the romantic, or like the pull of gravity from a high building to the imaginative."

"Perhaps she had been seized by the Great Misgiving," said a fellow passenger. "Everyone is sometimes visited by it unless he or she is a multi-millionaire. She may have feared to start again in the world's most critical city where once before she had failed."

"Could it have been murder?" asked the speculative. "Her life had held some grand passions. There had been bitter quarrels at parting. Might not one of her discarded suitors have walked the deck with her for a final farewell, and made it, indeed, final? It would be easy to push one overboard. Or might not one of the lovers who had a wish to end her life have sent an emissary aboard to accomplish the deed?"

There is still another possibility—as sinister as any. It is said by friends that during her first American tour Marie Empress fell violently in love with a musician in New York. After the partial, at least, collapse of her ambition the circumstances preyed so upon her mind that she sought forgetfulness in drugs. Soon after this came a parting between her and the man she loved. The drug habit was not broken, it is said.

It may be that in the loneliness of her stateroom, only a day away from New York with its memories and problems, the actress again sought respite from her thoughts, and in a walking stupor threw herself into the ocean.

But the little empty stateroom No. 480 is silent.

And none can read the message of the waves that lap the sides of the hull of the "Orduna."

Big Hips and Tight Waists Coming Back

The Real Wasp Waist and Broad Hips of Twenty Years Ago.

Passing. Present. Next? Then This!

Lady Duff-Gordon Discusses the Threatened Return of the "Hour Glass Figure" and Pleads for Fashions Which Will Harmonize with and Interpret Woman's Soul Instead of Making Her Grotesque

The Hipless, Straight Line, Straight-Front Fashion That Is Passing.

A "Pannier" Gown by Lady Duff-Gordon Which Preserves the Wide and Comfortable Waist and Which the Great Artiste Considers to Be as Far as This Fashion Can Be Pushed.

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

PARIS, Nov. 1.

I MUST warn you—and with many misgivings—that hips are on their way back to favor.

I say misgivings, because behind this apparently so simple an announcement lurk a host of complex consequences—some of them, indeed, distressing.

To my mind the most important of these latter will be the inevitable change in the shape of the corset. Fashion is a pendulum with a wide and uncheckable swing. Once set in motion in any given direction it must complete its arc, even though its motion takes it into the realm of absurdities. It must go its limit. And looking at some of the present fashions—the shortening skirts that started upward so modestly; the expanses of backs that started downward so shyly—one is impelled to ask what is the limit? The hips will follow this law, of course. And that means farewell for a time to the comfortable, hygienic, straight-front corset whose advent was hailed by most women as a pardon from prisons of which the famous "wasp waist" was the worst goal of all.

For several years now the pendulum has been swinging in the opposite direction. To have hips at all was wretchedly bad taste. The slim young thing, flat chested, sloping shouldered, straight lined from clavical tip to knee, was the ideal. Waistless—because a waist must have curves below and above it to be a waist—waistless and curveless, this ideal slithered along outdoor and in. These were very bad days for the Juno type of woman; very distressing, in fact, for all those who determined nature insisted must have hips. What equal determination these ladies displayed to prove nature wrong! And what energy they used, what frightful exercises, what expedients! But fashion had decreed, the pendulum was in swing and they had to follow. Many succeeded. Those who didn't, just had to do the best they could. This best was often weird.

Nevertheless there was this to be said for it—the waist was not constricted by tightly drawn corsets. As the ideal was the very reverse of the "hourglass" shape, the natural curve above the hips had to be built out, so the hip ledge would not be noticeable. Instead of the "hourglass" we had the cylinder. Manifestly whenever a corset was needed the straight front was just the right thing. Therefore it persisted, untroubled.

What has caused the revival of the hips is difficult to say. What caused them back twenty years and more ago is not so hard to explain. That was the mid-Victorian fictionists. Not one of them ever had a heroine whose waist could not be spanned by the hands of her lover! Imagine it! Everyone wanted to look like these romantic, impossible creatures. But if the poor waist had to shrink to these requirements, quite naturally the residue had to go elsewhere. And so we have the swelling buttress of the breasts, with lungs and ribs and abdominal organs all pushed up. And the great ledges of the hips swelling out! The figure really had to go somewhere, and there was nowhere else for it to go.

I have always thought that the hideous bustle was an unconscious striving toward symmetry; a pathetic effort to balance those shelves and ledges by adding another to them.

At any rate, with its forerunners precisely those which are now appearing, the wasp waist and the hourglass figure marked the limit of the pendulum's swing.

There is no reason to suppose that history will not repeat itself. And, goodness knows, the wasp waist was never a new thing. Back in ancient Crete, three thousand years before our era, the women of fashion there wore them. The sculptures and wall paintings found of the in the Mycenean ruins might be our own women of two decades ago.

As yet the upper figure has not been touched. The effect from shoulders to waist is the familiar straight-lined cylinder. But the hips are beginning to be built out by panniers, by folds of cloth and little pads. The clear intent is to accentuate. The next step, of course, will be to draw in the waist somewhat to gain the advantage of contrast. And once that is done—and it will be done—the bars will be down, or, rather, up. More and more will shrink the waist, wider and wider grow the hips, more and more chesty, as you say in America, will we become.

With us will be wasp waist and hourglass figures. Alas and alas, again! I have written that the last wasp waists were inspired by the heroines of Victorian fiction. Of course, there were other factors. And yet what the novelists write of the dress of heroines they portray is one of the great factors in the psychology of fashion. The so-called "red-blooded," athletic, outdoor heroines who were the vogue of the story-tellers only a few years ago, were directly responsible for the outbreak of swaggering "sporty" dresses that appeared. Many a play has set a fashion.

Another "Hip Gown" Which Shows the Drawing in of the Waist Already Begun.

A Parisian "Hip Gown."

Women are essentially romantic. But they are also practical romancists. Reading, they invest themselves with the characteristics of their heroines. Observing, in fiction, their success with suitors, they strive to imitate them. In that effort they lay stress upon the dress. Why not? They read that the wonderful hero watched the heroine coming toward him in—the dress is minutely described. "How lovely you look tonight," he says, or something like that, and crushes her in his arms!

"If I dress like that I'll be like her and the same thing will happen to me," argues she who reads or sees.

The tragedy is that the instinct behind this effort is a true one. No woman ought to wear a dress that is not an interpretation of herself, her soul. The true fashion, wrongly, be fit at ease, reduced in efficiency. ency. But if it is harmonious she goes on her way like a nicely oiled, perfectly adjusted car.

The hip fashions are, in a measure, soul materialisations. The panniers of Marie Antoinette's time were direct results of that unfortunate Queen's efforts to be pastoral. They were suggested by the traditional wide-hipped skirts of the humble milkmaids. Could anything be more pastoral than a milkmaid? Clearly, no. Very well, assume her peculiar dress that stamps her a milkmaid and straightway become as pastoral! Exaggerate it—and become more pastoral! Only fancy!

But the thought was there, just the same; just as it was in the thin waists of the Victorian heroines. Just as it is in the imitators of fiction's heroines.

Soul and dress react upon each other. Fine feathers do make fine birds of a sort, and the clothes do portray the man! Can you imagine the Viking women of the old heroic time being heroic in the garb of Camille? Or Camille in a Viking woman's waist and kirtle? I fancy not.

I do not like wasp waists. The Creator allowed us considerable latitude in our habits and customs. But He gave us a rigid standard of right and truth and beauty in our bodies. Why do we distort it? If He had meant us to have such figures He would have made us like the wasps, or like the camels! The body is a splendid machine, a beautiful machine. The purpose of dress is to protect it and to emphasize its beauties, and to minimize its defects, when by bad thought it is as it ought not to be. Fashion should no more disfigure it than it should hamper its functioning.

Some day women will learn this. When they do they will intelligently pick the dress that becomes them best and irks them not at all; one that will be harmonious not only with their physical mechanism but will harmonise with and interpret their souls.

And they will stand by that fashion—no matter what! Nor be lured from it by passing whimsies.

May that day come quickly!

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Why Brainy Men Often Marry Frivolous Wives

Mrs. Cooper Hewitt's Ankle and $100,000 Diamond Bangle Which Have Occasioned Some Discussion.

Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, the Vivacious Young Wife of the Distinguished Scientist and Inventor, Sticks Out Her Bejeweled Ankle to Be Photographed and Her Whimsical Caprice Amuses Her Serious-Minded Husband

MRS. PETER COOPER HEWITT, wife of a distinguished electrical inventor, walked down the gangplank of the Mauretania the other day, wearing a conspicuous bangle on her ankle.

It was a striking creation of the artistic jeweller, a flexible band studded with diamonds. Its designer was a society artist of note, Robin d'Erlanger, son of Baron d'Erlanger, the well-known Parisian financier. Its value was estimated at $100,000.

Mrs. Hewitt displayed the jewel on a very suitable background—a shapely, silk-clad ankle. Somebody asked her when she had taken up this fashion and she answered, "Take it up! I originated it."

And Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt amiably stuck out her foot for the photographers to aim at as they caught in their cameras the bejeweled ankle which is shown above on this page.

If a chorus girl had done this very thing everybody would smile and say "silly press agent nonsense."

But Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt does not need public notoriety. She is the wife of a New York multi-millionaire of established social and scientific standing.

Then why did she do it?

Why did Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt have a diamond anklet made for herself and display it in public?

And why should she be pleased to have her bejeweled anklet photographed for public exhibition?

And would a frivolous freak of this kind amuse or meet the approval of a serious-minded man of science who has spent a lifetime in the silence of his laboratory?

These seemingly trivial details concerning the ankle and the bangle are worthy of consideration, because they form part of a serious problem. Why should a successful scientist of nearly sixty seek happiness with a frivolous woman under thirty without any inclination for serious studies?

We are here faced with one of the deepest problems of human nature, but we must first consider the essential facts about the persons in this case.

Peter Cooper Hewitt has been one of the most productive of electrical scientists. For thirty years he has buried himself in his laboratories. One of his favorite retreats was in the Madison Square Tower. He invented the Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor lamp, which gives light at the lowest cost of any electric lamp and is widely used in factories. He has invented a wireless telephone that will respond to one-hundred-millionth of a horsepower current and a telephone that can be used across the Atlantic. Other inventions are the Cooper Hewitt rectifier to enable direct currents to be used with alternating circuits, a light transformer for altering the wave lengths of a light ray and thus changing its color, a centrifugal separator and several other important contributions to science.

Mr. Hewitt became an inventor because nature made him that way and not because he needed money. He is the grandson of Peter Cooper, who was a noted business man, millionaire and philanthropist. His own father, Abram S. Hewitt, was one of the leading citizens of New York. His family have had great wealth for many generations and they belong to the most fashionable set of the metropolis.

Over twenty years ago Mr. Hewitt married Miss Lucy Work, daughter of Frank Work and sister of Mrs. Burke Roche, a woman of the same set as his own family. In a few years it became apparent that, like many other couples in society, they were not particularly suited to one another. Mrs. Hewitt was very active in society and Mr. Hewitt was not always with her. They had no children. A few years ago they arranged the divorce that society had long expected.

He buried himself in his laboratory. He became noted for his concentration and seclusiveness. He would never speak of one of his inventions to anybody until he had perfected it.

Then the charmer came. She was originally Marion Andrews, of a Southern family, and married Dr. Pedar Bruguiere, a California millionaire, who moved with her to New York and Newport some years ago. They were divorced at Reno, and shortly afterward Mrs. Bruguiere married Stewart Denning, a New Yorker. He discovered that his first wife's divorce was one of those unsatisfactory affairs that may be good in one State and not in another, and to make sure of matters he had his own marriage annulled.

The liberated charmer went to Newport, and the gayest bachelors of the Summer capital, such as James J. Van Alen and Reginald Vanderbilt, fell under her spell. Cooper Hewitt joined them and, though intellectually quite different from the others, became her most devoted attendant. At the earliest possible moment and with romantic secrecy he was married to Mrs. Bruguiere.

The new Mrs. Hewitt was an adept at dancing and singing and all the arts that appeal to the emotional side of humanity. She was prolific in pranks that would surprise a conventional member of society. It was amazing to see Cooper Hewitt, the mature scientist, the recluse, enter into all her playfulness with the most evident enjoyment.

The charm of a frivolous woman for a serious man has been observed since the dawn of human history. Hercules, the protean hero of antiquity, put on women's clothes and slaved three years for Omphale, who was evidently a frivolous character, while she carried his club and wore his lion's skin. The mighty Samson fell hopelessly into the snares of the enchanting Delilah, who is said to have been a singer.

Coming to more historical characters we find that the Emperor Justinian, the most famous lawmaker of the Roman Empire, married a woman who had belonged to a wandering circus. To marry her he changed a fundamental law forbidding great officers of the empire to marry actresses. Historians say that Theodora continued her carouses in the imperial palace, but on certain critical occasions she helped Justinian greatly.

Antoninus Pius, a Roman Emperor famed for his wisdom, married the notorious Faustina, who was noted for her wit and her improprieties. Antoninus enjoyed all her caprices, and instead of punishing her struck coins and built temples in her honor.

Psychologists have long recognized that there is a law of opposites, according to which men and women are attracted by opposite qualities in one another. If a man possesses tremendous all-round force and ability, his opposite in womanhood may be a nonentity. Too often he finds her. There is doubtless a woman of ideal sweetness and submissiveness who is a fitting mate for the superman, but she is rarely found.

Mr. Henry T. Finck, a high authority on love, says:

"In men of genius their own store of intellect is so great and their admiration for beauty so intense that they are constantly liable to marry silly girls, or before marriage to flirt with one beauty after another without finding satisfaction."

To account for the amorous propensity of genius is easy enough. Genius means creative power allied with a taste for the beautiful. This taste may be gratified by the contemplation of the beauties of nature—the creative power by reproducing them on canvas or manuscript. But nature's masterpiece is lovely woman, who not only yields the highest gratification of artistic taste, but inspires love. And what is love but a creative impulse—a desire to link one's name and personality in future generations with this embodiment of consummate human beauty?

"Thanks to their passion for beauty," says Mr. Finck, "men of genius are too prone to follow the impulse of the moment and marry a pretty doll in the hope of being able to educate her into an attractive companion. Unluckily it rarely happens that the minds of those beauties are 'wax to receive and marble to retain.' Pretty girls are commonly lazy—spoiled by the thought that their beauty stoops for everything and regardless of the future when this apology for indolence will have lost its persuasiveness."

The authorities tell us that all the poets have been ardent seekers after beauty and rarely cared whether brains accompanied it. Shelley, his biographer tells us, "had an irresistible natural tendency to fall in love," and Byron, speaking of one of his loves, says, "I had and have been attacked fifty times, yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness."

The leader of men, the statesman, the conqueror, seems driven to seek consolation with a frivolous, pretty woman, and to shun the woman of intellect.

Great men rarely find themselves suitably married. Domestic happiness is the privilege of the ordinary man. Frederic Masson, who analyzed the love affairs of Napoleon Bonaparte, found that no woman ever really loved him. English legends have made a pathetic figure of Josephine, but M. Masson finds that she was really an adventuress who grabbed the young Napoleon as the last chance of saving her from bitter poverty.

Thus the greatest personality of many centuries passed through life without being truly loved, while many low comedians have excited undying devotion.

Nelson, the great admiral, neglected his wife and was pathetically enslaved by a lovely adventuress, Lady Hamilton. The Duke of Wellington could not agree with his wife, a noblewoman of the best family, and found consolation elsewhere.

The great man is almost invariably a hypersthenic, one possessed of abnormal nervous force. This must find an outlet in action; otherwise the force beats upon himself and drives him mad. In his moments of inactivity and waiting he must have amusement. A conventional, dignified woman, devoted to her home or her palace or her social duties, bores him and maddens him. A frivolous, brainless woman, with a gift for dancing, singing and carousing, soothes him and provides an outlet for his superfluous nervous force.

The society of such a woman brings out the boyish side of his nature and enables him to escape from the dreary prospect offered to him by the conventional, commonplace and stupid beings who surround him.

The rule that applies to the truly great men applies in more or less degree to all men of high ability. All have the nervous force that seeks relief in the society of thoughtless, laughter-loving women.

It is noticeable that men of exceptional intellectual development have rarely been attracted toward women of a similar eminence. Friends of Herbert Spencer, the great philosopher, thought that it would be a fine thing to match him with George Eliot, the novelist, who was probably the most intellectual woman of her day.

Herbert Spencer fled from this proposed match with amusing haste. In his memoirs he remarks that, unphilosophical as it might appear, he had always attached great importance to a fine skin and an attractive color in a woman. Without these qualities noble features had no attraction for him.

Throughout the ages we find records of great men who married incongruous wives and lived happily with them, or married conventional wives and lived unhappily. Shakespeare married a prosperous citizen's daughter and was unhappy. Molière found amusement in the society of his cook. Her violent and ungrammatical language gave him relaxation.

Goethe at the age of eighty-four fell desperately in love with sixteen-year-old Minna Herzlieb, the daughter of a bookseller. It was her childishness and lack of intellect that charmed him.

The ancient Greeks shamelessly recognized that the conventional wife was not a cheering companion for the man of intellect, in the days of Pericles and Alcibiades the wives were restricted to domestic duties and the men sought companionship with another class of women. Such resources are denied to us to-day and every man must hope for a congenial wife.

A French philosopher makes the interesting observation that men who married dancers have always been happy. The dance, a primitive expression of joy, gives an outlet to a man's energies and makes him feel young again. The serious thinker will find happiness with a thoughtless dancer rather than with a woman nearer his own mental type.

Havelock Ellis, the great authority on woman nature, says that the greatest charm of woman is her comparative childishness. The attraction of this quality for a man becomes more potent in proportion as he is removed from the childish stage.

The teachings of philosophers, psychologists and physiologists lead to the conclusion that the man of great mental power and concentration is likely to find happiness with a woman who is childlike, fond of laughter, singing and dancing.

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Mrs. Cooper Hewitt in a Stunning Bathing Costume at Palm Beach.

© MME LALLE CHARLE

An Attractive Photograph of the Fascinating Young Mrs. Cooper Hewitt.

©BROWN BROS.

Mr. Cooper Hewitt, the Distinguished Electrical Inventor and Husband of the Light-Hearted Beauty, in His Laboratory.

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Searching For America's Myster

Astonishing Exploits of a Nation-Wide Organization of Highly-Skilled Professionals Led by a Criminal Genius Whose Startling Achievements Outmatch Anything in Detective Novels or the Motion Pictures

CHAPTER XIII.

The Case of the Jensen Jewels

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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ON this page last week there were revealed some of the most startling activities of a nation-wide organization of jewel thieves which, the authorities in the great Eastern cities are certain, is part of the cunning band of vicious rogues gathered around him by America's master criminal

A still more amazing feature of the systematic operations of this criminal band is the boldness with which the master criminal has reached his hand into the great, fashionable hotels of the East, where wealth and precious gems of fabulous worth always are on parade, to reap a veritable harvest in his battle with the nimble wits of those whose business it is to protect the patrons of these luxurious hostelries.

In New York it is said by those who cater to the wants of the rich that "all modern fortunes are made in the West, but it is in New York these fortunes are spent." It is there that fashion and beauty gathers to display its worldly belongings and enjoy the zest of rivalry with the idle spenders who gather from effete Europe.

Almost any night during the Winter months a hundred million dollars' worth of shining jewels, enough to wound the pride of a Queen of Sheba or a Cleopatra, flash from lovely throats in the "Cascade rooms" "Crystal rooms," the "Sunken Gardens" and the "Domino rooms" in the big, voluptuously palatial New York hotels. Here may be found, almost any night, a magnificent rope of pearls easily identified by a connoisseur as the famed possession of a wealthy family of San Francisco; or a diamond and platinum necklace, perhaps for which a fortune has been paid by the ambitious wife of a Colorado prospector suddenly become a millionaire, or a bracelet of emeralds, exquisitely cut, gathered from famous shops throughout the world to grace the arm of the charming and somewhat shy daughter of a Texas oil magnate.

In one of these hotels, a few weeks ago, a guest who had registered from the West a week before, and who had attracted considerable attention upon the part of the attaches and frequenters of the hotel's supper room because of her lavish display of jewels during the nightly supper dances, called excitedly to her floor clerk for the hotel detective.

When this official had responded the guest explained as best she could, while on the verge of hysteria, that fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels had disappeared from her apartments.

Immediately a careful investigation was initiated. The guest had admitted no hotel servants to her apartments that morning, and the floor maids had not entered the rooms during her absence at breakfast. The floor clerks remembered no callers.

The loss was at once reported to the New York police. The department's shrewdest detectives were assigned to the case. One of these detectives, while mingling among the loungers about the hotel lobby, hoping to pick up an inspiration or a clue, noticed among the bellboys a youth whom he recognized as "Jimmy" Farrell, whom he had had reason once before to suspect of being implicated in another hotel jewel robbery.

He arrested "Jimmy" Farrell and flatly charged him with the jewel theft then under investigation.

"Jimmy" was taken by surprise. He confessed. And, having confessed to this one robbery, eased his conscience by confessing to half a dozen others, the amounts of his loot totalling in excess of two hundred thousand dollars. Frankly he admitted that he was only one of a "crowd." He gave the police information upon which half a score of men about town were arrested and taken before the Grand Jury. Most of these men were sent to the penitentiary, and several "fences" for the receipt of stolen jewelry were uncovered. It was after this confession of "Jimmy" Farrell and the arrests that followed that the detectives realized that the master criminal had extended his "school of crime" methods, as explained on these pages before, to take in the training of young men and women in the art of obtaining the jewels of the wealthy patrons of the rich hotels.

It was something that "Jimmy" Farrell told them that helped the detectives to trace out the various ramifications of the carefully planned campaign by which Mrs. Edward T. Jensen, of one of the smaller cities in Utah, the pretty young wife of a Mormon elder who had suddenly become immensely wealthy from the Oklahoma oil fields, was lured to New York with more than $200,000 worth of beautiful jewels, and there robbed of them all.

Not all of these jewels in the Jensen collection were purchased after her husband came into his great fortune. In Utah the Jensen heirlooms were already famous. Among them were rubies that had been brought to this country when the first Jensens came.

But when the Oklahoma oil fields gushed forth their wealth on Jensen properties Mrs. Jensen added pearls and sapphires to her store of heirlooms, until her collection was widely talked about. During the first days of her new wealth Mrs. Jensen visited San Francisco, the "Paris" of the United States, where beauty and jewels always are seen together.

Suddenly transplanted from the little, unassuming Utah city to the brilliant gayeties of San Francisco, the young Mrs. Jensen, who could lay no claim to social attention in the metropolis of the West, was somewhat shy, and immensely lonely. She was excited and pleased one afternoon when, in the tea room of the hotel, a charming young woman, gowned in the expensive simplicity which is the mark of good breeding and social refinement, approached her, and with perfect poise and yet a touch of hesitancy, asked if she might not present herself.

"I am Miss Harriman, you know—of the New York Harrimans. I do hope you will not think me rude for presenting myself, but, you know, I can not find a mutual friend to do me the service."

Of course Mrs. Jensen had heard of the Harrimans—"the Harrimans of New York." She could not help thinking what a simple, modest and yet impressive way it was to speak of such a great family—"the Harrimans of New York."

"You see," the charming young stranger was continuing, "I have seen you at the supper dances several evenings now. I have tried ineffectually to find someone to bring me to you. I have been just fascinated, positively fascinated by your magnificent rubies and some one told me they were ancestral possessions. I am so interested in beautiful jewels like those, I have just followed by impulse to speak to you—perhaps we may become friends—acquaintances, at least, and then you will let me see your rubies a little closer and, perhaps, tell me something of their history. Rubies are a fad with me. I have some very beautiful ones of my own. Some day, perhaps, I may have the pleasure of showing mine to you."

It was all spoken so naturally — enthusiastically, and yet with the directness and lack of embarrassment one could expect from a "Miss Harriman." Mrs. Jensen was delighted.

After a chat over the tea table, during which Miss Harriman once or twice referred, quite casually, to "my uncle, you know," in such a way that Mrs. Jensen could not help thinking of the great railroad wizard whose millions were once the talk of the country, they adjourned, at Mrs. Jensen's invitation, to Mrs. Jensen's apartments. Miss Harriman was duly appreciative of the pleasure thus afforded her—quite as if she did not know that poor little Mrs. Jensen felt at that moment as if one of her fondest though impossible dreams suddenly had come true. To think that she, the shy little wife of a plain Mormon elder, should ever be the hostess of one of the famous "Harrimans of New York!"

Miss Harriman was more fascinated than ever. She gave courteous attention when Mrs. Jensen showed her her other jewels, her pearls and diamonds and sapphires; but always her eyes turned back to the rubies, and she asked again and again if it really did not annoy her hostess to have her handle them so much.

Miss Harriman was leaving, a day or so later, she said, for her home in New York. "Would not Mrs. Jensen come to New York for a visit some day? And if she did, would she not remember her new friend and allow her to entertain for her?" Miss Harriman would be so delighted, she assured Mrs. Jensen.

When Miss Harriman left the hotel to begin her trans continental journey back to New York she found time to drop in upon the still flustered Mrs. Jensen for a moment or two to say goodby and again urge her invitation for a visit to her own home.

She noticed that when Miss Harriman was ushered out of the hotel to her waiting limousine, in which she was to be whirled away to the depot, the hotel attaches and the bellboys and porters paid her a great deal of attention, as was befitting such a distinguished guest. She did not know, of course, that this attention was won mostly by liberal tips which Miss Harriman purposely distributed among the attaches. She was registered simply as "Miss Harriman and maids." Perhaps the clerks might have thought she was of some distinguished family, if they had given her name any attention at all, but there were many matrons about that fashionable hotel who would have laughed heartily at Mrs. Jensen had she spoken of this mysterious Miss Harriman as being a New York Harriman. But Miss Jensen couldn't speak to anyone about her wonderfully gracious acquaintance, because she didn't know any of those matrons who are wise in the genealogies of the social world.

It was not very many weeks later that Mrs. Jensen received the long expected "note"—just a brief letter, from "Cora Harriman," with an address on Fifth avenue, New York, the street of millionaire families—Mrs. Jensen could not know that the address was that of a Fifth avenue hotel, though, and not a residence. It was a cordial note, hoping for a renewal of the friendship that began in the exclusive Clairmont Hotel, in San Francisco, and closing with a repetition of the invitation to visit the Harriman home in New York. This note was soon followed by another, this second one pressing the invitation, and urging that if Mrs. Jensen could make it convenient it would be nice for her to come to New York during the first week in September, "when mother is giving some affairs at which I could have the pleasure of presenting you to some of New York's best people. I am sure you would find a visit then doubly pleasant, and we would be delighted, of course."

It was just as if the genii had rubbed Aladdin's lamp. Mrs. Jensen was so excited she hardly could make her plans for so momentous a journey. Mr. Jensen was, to be sure, too busy to bother with social visits, even to the Harrimans of New York, but he was mighty proud to have his pretty little wife so happy and so honored.

At last she was ready to go. Miss Harriman had asked her to telegraph when she was leaving, so she might be met at the train. An answering telegram came back quickly, saying that Miss Harriman would herself be at the train.

Mrs. Jensen arrived in New York with her two maids. Of course, she took her rubies and her other jewels with her—$200,000 worth. She was certain she could hold her own with the famous society women of New York whom she was about to meet, in the matter of jewels, anyway.

Miss Harriman, in a splendid limousine, with liveried chauffeur and second man, met her at the depot. Miss Harriman's maids at once took charge of Mrs. Jensen's luggage. But, said Miss Harriman, the Fifth avenue house was closed for a few days—"there was some redecorating to do, you know, preparatory for the coming Winter season," and in the meantime they were at a hotel—"one of the more quiet places, you know."

There she would put up Mrs. Jensen for the day or two that would intervene before the Fifth avenue house would be reopened. There was plenty of room in the Harriman apartments, Miss Harriman assured her guest, especially so since "mother had left town for a few days to attend an affair at Buffalo, and would hardly return until the residence was ready for its owners again."

They motored to "the quiet hotel." Mrs. Jensen wondered when she was ushered into the magnificent hostelry what the lively hotels were like if this was one of the quiet ones. It was one of those great hotel palaces that dot the neighborhood of Pershing Square. A bevy of liveried attendants met Miss Harriman and her guest as they drove up to the automobile entrance. Flunkies carried away their baggage. Mrs. Jensen followed her hostess up through the richly carpeted corridors until they came to Miss Harriman's suite—one of those "cozy" New York hotel suites which cost hundreds of dollars a day, with their private dining rooms, libraries, tea rooms and especially assigned butlers and maids.

Mrs. Jensen thought those uniformed butlers and pretty maids with decorous white caps and aprons were part of the Harriman menage. She did not know, yet, that almost any of the larger New York hotels can furnish them to guests who can pay the bills.

That evening Mrs. Jensen was introduced to her first night in New York—supper in the hotel grill room, where handsome women and debonair men gather nightly.

Here, to Miss Harriman's table, there came during the evening many gallant young men to pay their respects to her

THE HONORABLE JOHN COLLIER'S EXTRAORDINARY PAINTING "THE CH

This picture was the sensation of one of the Royal Academy's exhibitions. Although it was freely gossipped that the incident depicted was an actual one, its true history has never been told. It parallels closely, however, some recent occurrences in fashionable New Yor where agents of the Master Criminal, masquer people of fashion, have fleeced visitors of great "impromptu bridge parties."

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Photo by Underhill Studios.

Mrs. Philip Lydig, of New York, often referred to as America's most beautiful woman, who was impersonated at a great New York hotel by a member of the Master Criminal's band who succeeded in robbing hotel guests of $100,000 worth of jewels in one week.

While the "maid," really a confederate of the pseudo Miss Harriman, looked on, the false Miss Vanderbilt grew ecstatic over the beautiful gems of little Mrs. Jensen, the newly-rich matron from the West. The scene is in a luxurious New York hotel, to which Mrs. Jensen and her jewels had been lured by the agents of the Master Criminal. That night the jewels disappeared. The false Miss Harriman and Miss Vanderbilt, their maid and bellboy also disappeared.

Miss Harriman and her guest from Utah. They begged a dance with the visitor, and made her feel by their demeanor during the dance and the few words they dropped that they considered her as one of themselves because she was a friend of the charming Miss Harriman.

Young women, wonder- costumed, with shining jewels and well-bred grace, ame to be presented. They called Miss Harriman r first name and gushed most profusely over the stranger from the West.

en that night was over Mrs. Jensen thought she had t arrived at some sort of social Paradise.

ing the third day a momentous thing happened. Harriman had proposed they stay in their apart- that evening. She was a bit tired, she said. They had reached this decision when the butler came heir drawing room with a card.

, it is Elsie—I must bring her in myself." As she t of the room she flung across her shoulder at Mrs.

:

ou will be glad to know her, I am sure—It is Elsie rbilt."

anderbilt! And she, poor little Mrs. Jensen of Utah, e wife of a Mormon elder, was about to meet her—*live Vanderbilt!* It was almost unbelievable.

ss Vanderbilt" came in—greatly pleased at not only her friend, Miss Harriman, in, but at the prospect eting a dear friend of hers from the West. They d for a while of social nothings, of a new Gould ce, of a divorce among the Van Dams, of a new laer debutante—of things which Mrs. Jensen knew e confidential intimacies of the world in which only s Vanderbilts and Harrimans moved in. Suddenly Harriman clapped her hands, as with a sudden exult- ought.

, Elsie, I must get Mrs. Jensen to show you some magnificent rubies—you have heard of them, of especially when you visited Mrs. Holmes in Salt City. They are the most splendid things I ever saw. ssinated by them."

Mrs. Jensen remembered—or thought she did—that once a Vanderbilt really had been entertained by Mrs. Holmes, the social arbiter of Salt Lake City.

Of course, she would be delighted to show her rubies to Miss Vanderbilt. Her heart fluttered as she said it. The butler was dispatched downstairs to the hotel safe deposit vault for the box in which Mrs. Jensen's jewels were kept.

For half an hour Miss Vanderbilt fingered them. She was, indeed, enthusiastic over the great red gems. She was, indeed, enthusiastic over the great red gems. Miss Harriman went into her dressing room, saying as she went, "We'll have to drop downstairs after all, now that Elsie has come. But we'll just have a dance or two. We will not stay long. I must have Marie look at my hair; I feel it is dishevelled." A maid remained in the room with "Miss Vanderbilt" and Mrs. Jensen—a maid who belonged not to the hotel, but to Miss Harriman. She fluttered about, as if performing duties Miss Harriman had left for her to do in that room. Presently Miss Harriman returned, ready to go downstairs to the grill room. "Miss Vanderbilt" rose. "Really I can stay but a little while, but I will enjoy a dance, if you think you can find me a dancing partner."

Miss Harriman laughed at this, so did Mrs. Jensen—"as if there would be very much trouble finding a dancing partner for a Vanderbilt." Mrs. Jensen wondered if Vanderbilt girls were wont to visit hotel supper rooms alone, but she thought it must be so—so many other young women seemed to frequent them, even without escorts at times.

They were returning in just a few moments, Miss Harriman assured her, so Mrs. Jensen quite naturally did not think it necessary to send her jewel case down to the hotel safe until later. Anyway she wanted to wear her diamond necklace. She noticed that neither Miss Vanderbilt nor Miss Harriman had many jewels on—evidently a mark of the simplicity of those who could afford to be simple. She would wear only her necklace, she decided.

She put the jewel box in her escritoire and fluttered downstairs with her smiling hostess and new-found "Vanderbilt" friend. She was very happy that night—especially when those friends of Miss Harriman came again to their table and bowed low over the hand of "Miss Vanderbilt." She could see the envy with which some of the younger women looked at her, seemingly an intimate friend of this distinguished pair of social butterflies.

But they did not hurry back. One dance was followed by another.

When the party broke up "Miss Vanderbilt" graciously accepted the escort of the Mr. Van der Something-or-Other, Mrs. Jensen hadn't quite caught his name, but it sounded like that of an old family, she was sure—to her home. She left promising to see Mrs. Jensen again and thanking her all over again for showing her those wonderful rubies.

When they reached their apartments Miss Harriman chatted for a while with her guest and then they retired. Mrs. Jensen was quite tired. She did not look into the escritoire for her jewel case until morning. Then she found that it had disappeared—and with it $200,000 worth of gems, including the wonderful rubies. In a panic she ran to the door to "Miss Harriman's" bedroom. Her knock drew no response. Emboldened by her distress, she opened it. "Miss Harriman" was not there. She has never been seen since, and there is no clue to her whereabouts. Neither did the supper room that night disclose any of those faultlessly dressed young men and women who had made themselves gracious at the "Harriman" table. Nor did any of the real "Harrimans of New York" know any such person as a "Miss Harriman" who had been putting up at the hotel. Nor did the Vanderbilts know of an "Elsie" who answered the description of the one who had turned poor little Mrs. Jensen's heart fairly upside down with her condescension.

The hotel management lined up its servants, and among them Mrs. Jensen recognized the butlers and maids which she had thought belonged to the Harriman household. The hotel management explained that the Miss Harriman whose guest she had been was quite unknown to them, but that she appeared to have plenty of funds, as she had engaged the expensive suite of apartments with the air of having been used to such luxuries, and had asked for a full corps of servants to be assigned to her. There are so many Harrimans, the management pleaded, that it could not be expected to keep track of all of them.

But there was one maid missing—the one who had remained in the room while Mrs. Jensen displayed her gems to the pseudo "Miss Vanderbilt." And the management discovered also that one of its bellboys was missing. The floor clerk remembered that immediately after the three women had left the apartment the night before to go down to the supper room the bellboy who was now missing had, come to the door of the Harriman suite, had been admitted, but had almost immediately left. The butler who had served "Miss Harriman" remembered, too, that the missing maid, who had been a personal servant of Miss Harriman and who had come to the hotel with her, had rung for this bellboy and had handed him a package. He had heard the maid say, "Put these in the office." The butler had thought the circumstance quite all right—the maid was a personal employe of Miss Harriman, and evidently was obeying some instruction of her mistress.

The package had been the jewel case, and instead of putting them in the office the bellboy had disappeared—to meet "Miss Harriman," "Miss Vanderbilt" and the false maid at some rendezvous where the $200,000 worth of jewelry might be turned over to the master criminal or his agent and the four thieves receive their reward for successful operation of what had been a most carefully prepared plan.

The authorities learned, even though they have not yet succeeded in tracing any of the band who lured Mrs. Jensen to New York, that she was under observation by the master criminal's agents for more than a year. Her arrival at San Francisco for the visit during which she met the false "Miss Harriman" was preceded by the arrival at the very hotel where it was known Mrs. Jensen had made reservations by the young woman who represented herself as a "Harriman of New York." Harriman is not an uncommon name. Any one may assume it without being suspected. Even the hotel manager seemed to think that this "Miss Harriman," who spent so lavishly and seemed so accustomed to every luxury, must be one of the famous Harriman family

The same was true in the case of the New York hotel management. Had this "Miss Harriman" asked for any unusual favors, any large credit or something of that sort, she would have been investigated, but all the management would have learned was that she did not belong to the wealthy and famous Harriman family.

Countless other campaigns of the same general nature, varying in detail to fit each particular victim's characteristics and circumstances, have been staged so well in the great Eastern cities that hotel guests have lost within the past year more than $5,000,000 worth of jewels.

The use of well-known names is a favorite ruse. Sometimes the boldness resorted to by the master criminal is little less than startling.

At another great New York hotel a beautiful, stately woman registered as "Mrs. Philip Lydig." When he read the signature of the new guest, who asked for a modest yet expensive suite of rooms—since in this hotel even the modest suite is very costly—the hotel room clerk raised his eyes with interest. Mrs. Philip Lydig has frequently been called America's most beautiful woman. She moves in the most exclusive circles and is internationally famous. The hotel clerk knew all about Mrs. Lydig—but, as might well be expected, he never had actually seen her.

The new guest saw that the clerk recognized at least the name. She intimated that he had recognized her face also. "Please," she asked, "help me to have a little seclusion. I do not wish it known generally that I am here. I have just slipped into town from abroad, and I want a week's rest before I announce myself as being at home."

But a number of out-of-town guests met "Mrs. Lydig" quite unavoidably during the next few days. These happened always to be women of wealth and prominence in their respective home cities, who were paying casual visits to the city. All possessed costly and beautiful jewels. During that week many jewel thefts were reported to the management. The losses of guests amounted to almost $100,000 in the week. "Mrs Lydig" was very sympathetic to her new acquaintances, among whom, it seemed, were all the victims of the mysterious jewel thief

At the end of the week "Mrs. Lydig" announced that she was ready to open her house and announce her return to New York. She left the hotel. The jewel robberies ceased with her disappearance. But not until some time afterward, when the newspapers announced the return of the real Mrs. Lydig from France, did the hotel management become suspicious of the circumstances attending the visit of "Mrs. Lydig" as a guest in seclusion.

Investigation discovered that the real Mrs. Lydig never had been at the hotel and that the other one was an impostor. Then the jewel thefts were explained. The false Mrs. Lydig had used the famous name to procure acquaintance with women who were known to possess many jewels, and thus gained familiarity with their apartments. A confederate entered these apartments and, aided by the information given by the masquerading "Mrs. Lydig," reaped a harvest in stolen gems.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

The Best of Luck

By Arthur Somers Roche

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

GERALD MAGEE is penniless and does not know where to look for his next meal. Unable to obtain work in Rockport he is lurking about the railway station in search of some freight car bumper that will give him a free ride out of this inhospitable town. A shifty-eyed stranger suddenly appears out of the evening shadows and thrusts into Magee's hands a mysterious envelope. Just then Silas J. Blake, the wealthy Mayor of Rockport, and his beautiful daughter, Eleanor, pass in their motor car. The stranger adds still further to Magee's amazement by referring to Eleanor Blake as the girl Magee is going to marry. After the stranger has gone Magee opens the envelope and finds twenty $1,000 banknotes. He determines to remain in Rockport and try to clear up the mystery which has given him all this money and declared him the fiance of a young woman he never saw before.

He disposes of one of the $1,000 banknotes at a pawnbroker's and then proceeds to exchange his tramp's garb for one of prosperity and refinement. After engaging a luxurious suite at the fashionable Hotel Belnord he visits a local newspaper "morgue" under pretense of being a reporter and there learns that Eleanor Blake is engaged to marry Henry J. Madison, the District Attorney who enjoys the reputation of having closed Holberg's well known gambling house by a raid. The establishment, however, is still open, and Magee visits the place that night. He arrives just in time to prevent Holberg from murdering Tarson for having, as he thinks, "double crossed" him. Tarson had been given a $20,000 bribe for Madison and it was this money which he handed to Magee, having mistaken the latter for the dishonest District Attorney in disguise. Enraged at his failure to receive the promised bribe Madison later in the night makes a spectacular raid on the gambling house.

Holberg stops the panic-stricken rush of his "guests" for the door by knocking down the first man who tries to pass him. Threatening the crowd with his revolver he orders the steel doors closed to keep the gamblers in and the raiders out until his employees can hide the gambling paraphernalia and thus prevent its being seized as evidence. Just then Tarson recognizes Magee and points him out to Holberg as the man who got the $20,000. Despite Magee's cleverness in tearing out the electric light switch and throwing the place into darkness he is seized by one of Holberg's henchmen and locked in the strong room. There to his amazement he finds Eleanor Blake. She is awaiting the coming of her brother Bob, the assistant district attorney, who planned this raid and promised her a glimpse of it. When Bob fails to appear Eleanor consents to allow Magee to escort her home but they find they cannot get out of the strong room. A few minutes later the steel door is opened and Holberg and Madison enter.

"The second shot lodged in the floor, and Holberg could not lift the weapon now, for swinging from his arm was the figure of the girl. She had leaped just in time."

CHAPTER V.

To Save Him.

HOLBERG and the venal district attorney had had a most garrulous fifteen minutes, ere the district attorney had yielded to what Holberg called reason, had stopped a patrol wagon, and, with the gambler, descended to go back to the gambling house for "evidence," as Madison told the police captain of the raiders, who listened calmly. For no police captain of a "Tenderloin" district was ever so dull but that he knew a police commissioner or a district attorney was getting the graft over his uniformed head.

The captain of the strong-arm squad knew perfectly well that Holberg had not weakened in the short ride; he knew that Holberg would give up incriminating evidence against himself as cheerfully as he'd gouge out his own right eye, but—police captains become police captains because of their inability to be convinced of anything unless it's told them by a superior.

The captain grinned, shrugged his shoulders at this sudden turn of events, which meant that the raid would go for naught, and, with a pious hope in his heart that Madison would get "caught up with" later, proceeded, with his cargo of victims, to the police station.

There the names and addresses of the players were taken, and these small fish were let go, to the great relief of the white-bearded banker and his ilk, who stayed up all night to see if their names were in the morning papers and who spent those wakeful hours cursing Holberg for that he had assured them that he had fixed matters with the police, and cursing themselves for that they had not sense to know that if Madison had raided Holberg once he might do it again.

In intervals between dual cursings they congratulated themselves that they were not employes of Holberg, for these latter were in cells, awaiting the order of the district attorney as to their disposition. And the inmates of the cells prayed that Holberg would "get to" the district attorney as they had thought he had done ere this.

Yes, indeed, there was much praying and much cursing going on this fine September night, but none of it was being done by Gerald Magee. Holberg and Madison, who faced him, might be doing one or the other, or both, but not Mr. Magee. Instead, he beamed upon the two men.

"Grab the skirt and shake her," he said to Madison. "I'll just about dent this guy one behind the ear and"——

"Forget it," snapped Madison. "Put that thing up!"

Foolish the district attorney felt; in a most peculiar position he was; but Mr. Magee could not but admire the manner in which the man observed the first law of war—that a good offense is the best defense.

Would have seemed to Mr. Magee, ever acute to dramatic values, as particularly inept. But now—Mr. Magee beamed for the same reason that the Irish laughed at Fontenoy.

There's more fun in laughing than weeping when fight portends. And, furthermore, a girl was present; later, of the chaos that might ensue, she would reconstruct each scene, would visualize each character. Upon the screen of her memory Mr. Magee chose to stand out smiling.

"Come on, Hank, and you, too, Your Corpulence," said Mr. Magee. "Don't you know any better than to stand there like a couple of dummies when you've intruded on a lady and gentleman who were getting on perfectly well without you? This isn't pantomime, even if it is farce. Shoot, Mr. District Attorney."

Holberg, in common with all Rockport, knew of Madison's approaching marriage. But it never occurred to him that the white-faced girl who had addressed Madison by his given name might be the daughter of the mayor. Otherwise he might have spoken and acted differently.

He took the girl for something which one look at any other time, when he was not half-insane with ruin and rage, would have told him she was not. He drew a business-like blackjack from his coat pocket and sidled nearer Mr. Magee.

"Grab the skirt and shake her," he said to Madison. "I'll just about dent this guy one behind the ear and"——

"Forget it," snapped Madison. "Put that thing up!"

Foolish the district attorney felt; in a most peculiar position he was; but Mr. Magee could not but admire the manner in which the man observed the first law of war—that a good offense is the best defense.

"Eleanor, what on earth are you doing here? Do you know what time it is? Why are you here—and who is this man?"

"You seem to know him," said the girl. "Perhaps, Henry, if you'd explain to me what you are doing here, with this man Holberg"——

Madison crimsoned. He shot a glance at the gambler that should have withered that worthy. It was evident, from Madison's manner, that he knew the end was near.

"Holberg has decided to confess," said the district attorney, brazenly, albeit in his shifting eyes as the girl looked at him was plain admission that he lied.

The girl crimsoned; Mr. Magee, looking interestedly on, and still gripping the chair, permitted himself a cheerful chuckle.

"For an actor—even an amateur, Hank, old top, you certainly lack conviction. Did the nassy, ba-ad gamblin' man take you into a nice dark room so he could 'fess up to you?"

Madison glared. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. Yet, there was a dying hope that he could pull through without Eleanor knowing the worst about him, and he still brazened the affair. He tried to be stern as he spoke to the girl.

"Eleanor, this affair needs explanation on your part, but—we'll let it wait. Until to-morrow. But now—you must permit me to take you home."

"How about this gentleman?" she inquired icily, pointing to Mr. Magee. "He tells me he was thrown in here by confederates of this gambler and—you're district attorney of Rockport. Henry! For God's sake tell me what this means—you back here with this man Holberg! You back here in this room where Holberg had thrown this man to wait——" She couldn't finish; she shuddered and paled.

Madison bit his lip. He looked from the girl to Mr. Magee and back again.

"And what are you doing here? Eleanor, explanations may wait; in the meantime, I insist that you go home under my escort and protection."

"And I prefer to wait here for brother Bob to come."

"Bob! So it was he who brought you here?"

"Yes; and where is he?"

"Why—Eleanor—let me take you home first. Bob is——"

"What's happened to him?" she cried.

"Don't be frightened," soothed Madison. "He—it's not dangerous; but—one of the gang below hit him—it's not at all serious, but—we sent him to the hospital. He'll be all right, and—come along, Eleanor. In the morning"——

She was swaying, and tears were in her eyes, but she held her ground; she shook her head.

"No! Unless this—gentleman—comes with us."

"Why—er—" Madison shot a frowning look at Holberg. "Why—er—of course."

But Holberg had suffered much to-day. It would take more than a black look from the district attorney to hold him back.

"I guess not!" cried the gambler. "This guy's got the twenty thousand that was to have lined your pockets, Madison, and if you can pass it up, by ——, I can't! It ain't yours now, anyway. You lost your head and put me outa business, and the coin comes to me. I get it—now!"

He balanced the blackjack nicely in his fist as he spoke, and his eyes glared at Mr. Magee, while he evidently was deciding the proper way in which to bring the jack over while avoiding Mr. Magee's chair.

Madison, furious, speechless, could only glare. But the girl, enlightened, almost screamed as she addressed Holberg.

"What are you saying? That Henry—Mr. Madison—was to have taken a bribe from you?"

Holberg shifted his gaze from the face of Mr. Magee for a fraction of a second. His eyes widened.

"Eleanor, eh? That's the name of Madison's fyancy, ain't it? And you're her? Well, lady, I'm sorry I gotta put a crimp into your regard for this gent, but—twenty thousand is a heluva lot of money, lady. Especially when your place has been pulled! I need it. Yes, your fyancy here agreed to lemme alone for twenty thousand, and I sent it to him this afternoon; but this other geezer here copped it, and I want it! Come across, you!" he roared at Mr. Magee.

Mr. Magee swung his chair easily and smiled. He was no grabber of the calcium when his cue had not been uttered. Silence was his part now; he played it well. The girl looked at Madison; unutterable disgust, loathing, shame, blasted faith, outraged pride—all those were in her eyes and Madison shrunk from them.

"Henry—you—oh, say it isn't so! Not a bribe-taker! This morning when brother Bob had found this place—why, I don't believe it! I won't!"

She turned fiercely on Holberg.

"You are lying! Henry only knew of the place this morning, when my brother gave him the evidence and they planned the raid. I don't believe—Henry was with me from 9 this morning until 5 this afternoon! You lie!"

"He never heard of my place till this morning? Back up, lady! Excuse me, I mean you're on the wrong number! Why, we framed it up over a week ago that he was to get his bit mighty secret to-day. I can prove it by"—— His jaw dropped. He glared ferociously at Madison. "What's this talk about a raid bein' planned this mornin'? Yesterday mornin'? It was planned? And then, after it was all settled you had it framed to pull me just the same?"

He took a step toward the district attorney. The man who, despite his public platform protestations of honesty, was as cheap a grafter as any, stepped back.

"Why—why—wait a minute, Holberg; wait till I ex"——

The white light of fury shone in Holberg's eyes. His huge, fat body, that yet was muscular beneath its corpulence, rose to its tiptoes.

Holberg was a gambler; money was sweet to him, but not one tithe as sweet as swift revenge. And the double-cross was the deadliest of sins.

"Cross me, you pup, you! Give me the toss after you'd got my coin, eh? And thought you'd get away with it!"

His voice lost its booming heaviness and became shrill as a woman's. The blackjack shifted to the palm of his hand, then slid down into the closed fingers as it swung over and downward.

Madison threw up his left arm; the member dropped to his side, snapped by the crash of the weighted weapon.

"Cross *me*?" shrieked Holberg again.

The district attorney side-stepped, tugging at a hip pocket. But the gross flesh of Holberg belied the quick nerves of the man. Swiftly as Madison side-stepped, the gambler was quicker.

He attacked from the right; Madison's right hand was engaged in tugging at the obdurate hip pocket; his left did not come round quickly enough; the blackjack thudded against his skull and he went down, sprawling flat upon his stomach.

Holberg paid him not a second glance. He turned to meet the chair-swinging rush of Mr. Magee.

He dodged the first blow aimed by Mr. Magee. Then he disdained his jack; it fell to the floor, and in its place, in the purposeful hand of Holberg, was a revolver.

"You, too," cried Holberg. "You, too—you!"

He raised the weapon, firing as he did so. The first shot went wild, so quick was Mr. Magee to dodge. The second lodged in the floor, and Holberg could not lift the weapon now, for swinging from his arm was

(Continued on Next Page.)

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Most Fascinating, Surprising Story of the Year

Continued from Preceding Page.

the figure of the girl. She had leaped just in time.

No scream came from her tight lips as the gambler swung her from the floor. Her eyes were closed as though to hide a danger which she feared to see, yet did not hesitate to confront. The gambler lifted her lithe body clear from the floor, as though by very centrifugal force to break the terrier grip of her. But she would not loose her hands.

Mr. Magee saw the fat left fist of Holberg lifted to beat her into unconsciousness. Even as he dropped his chair and sprang with naked hands at the man it flashed acutely, fearfully, agonizingly, across his brain that if that fist descended and marred that lovely face it would be his fault, his! For it was to save him, Gerald Magee, that the girl was now in danger.

"Oh, God!" he cried. It was a prayer—unanswered, so it seemed. For he had forgotten the sprawled Madison. His foot touched the district attorney's body; his toe caught in the fallen man's jacket.

The impetus of his rush lifted him from the ground; he pitched across the room; he felt his head crash against the wall. From somewhere, a million miles away, he heard a noise—it might have been the echo of his own crash. He did not move from where he fell.

His last conscious impression was of the soothing touch of soft hands upon his aching head.

CHAPTER VI.

After the Tragedy.

MR. MAGEE sat up and looked curiously about him. "I wish," he said, softly, "I'd got the number of that brakeman that threw me off"——

His voice ceased, and the hand that had been caressing his aching forehead dropped to his side.

"Two of them—cold," he muttered.

Recollection came back with a vivid rush. He saw again the fat fist of Holberg descending on the girl's upturned face. He shuddered as much at the memory as at the sight of the two men, whose lax

"His last conscious impression was of the soothing touch of soft hands upon his aching head."

poses spelled death even to Mr. Magee's in such matters untutored mind.

"Both of them," said Mr. Magee. "But Madison was down and out, and"——

Dizzily he arose and looked down upon the figures of the prostrate men. As he remembered it, Madison had fallen upon his face and stomach, whereas now he lay upon his back, one hand thrown across his chest. And a few inches from that hand lay a revolver.

Mr. Magee remembered Madison's futile tugging at his hip pocket. He glanced at Holberg. A look at the gambler's face told the story. Mr. Magee turned back to the dead district attorney.

"You got it out," he said slowly. He bent over and picked up the district attorney's revolver. One cartridge had been exploded. Mr. Magee laid it gently upon the floor again. He looked down upon the face of Madison.

"Maybe you might have lived better," he said, "but—you died well. You saved her"——

He looked about the room. His brain had cleared now. Something fluttered about his head. He put his hand up and unwound a dainty handkerchief, blood-stained from his own wound where he had crashed against the wall.

"So—she didn't leave me until—she'd looked after me," he said slowly. "Still—even though her brother was hurt—she stuck. Why couldn't she have stuck now? Did she want me to be caught—here—with these two?"

He frowned at the thought, then at himself for thinking it. "She's not that sort. She"——

He tiptoed to the window and looked out. Where to his last recollection had shone the moon now gleamed the first rays of the sun. "About 5," he said, "and about time I disappeared. Even though nobody heard the shots, there'll be some one here soon. They'll be looking for Madison—soon, anyway. In a few hours."

He walked to the heavy steel door; it was ajar; evidently the girl had gone this way. He cast one backward glance at the men upon the floor. Neither had nor soft of heart was Mr. Magee. One of these men had been a parasite upon society, if not worse. The other had been a betrayer of his trust, a bribe-taker, who, when it was necessary to save his face before an assistant in his office, had been willing to take for what he did not intend to do. Without honor, either of them, yet——

"I sort of wish I'd never seen Rockport," said Mr. Magee. "If I hadn't all this might not have happened." His thoughts changed. "And if I hadn't come here I'd never have seen—her."

Life and death were little things; love was everything. And love was a battle; men must fall in battle, some without knowledge of what they are fighting for. It was hard, but—it was life.

Mr. Magee threw off the burden of remorse; he had done nothing wrong. That his errant fancy had been caught by a glimpse of lips and cheeks beneath a motor veil did not make him party to a double killing. Mr. Magee was not morbid. Moreover, he had to think of his own skin.

To be found in this room meant, undoubtedly, the facing of serious charges, the bringing into his defence of the name of a girl. But to drift away and let whoever discovered the homicides think the obvious, which was the truth, that these men were slain by each other's hand.

Madison had defended the girl with dying strength, and it seemed base to leave him lying here in death, no matter what he had been before that last act whereby he had redeemed himself in the eyes of Gerald Magee. But there was the law of self-preservation; there was the greater thing, the preservation from scandal of the name of the girl.

Gently he descended the narrow flight of stairs and came to the roulette room. Across its length he saw the heavy steel door which had resisted official attack until Holberg had had time to hide away on the roof all the elaborate paraphernalia of gambling which might be used as evidence against him.

Mr. Magee tiptoed through the iron door that led into the house which of late Twain Holberg had used as the home of his famous gambling house which had for so many years been the scandal of Rockport.

There was no guarding officer present, for which Mr. Magee gave fervent thanks, co-mingled with surprise. For Mr. Magee did not think that Madison, on entering the place with Holberg, had dismissed the two policemen who had been left in charge of the raided premises.

Across the room, noting the valuable paintings that had been plundered by the humble non-commissioned officers, who, outside the good graft always, had thus shown their sense of outrage at the mere idea of a gambling house being conducted within the domain of Rockport, Mr. Magee took his tiptoeing way. Downstairs was wreckage of the front door. Mr. Magee leaned lightly over it, and a second later was on the threshold, casting a wary eye about for a milkman or other early pedestrian.

There was no one in sight. He ran down the steps and around a corner. Twenty minutes later he entered the Belnord Hotel.

His friend the night clerk looked at him through drowsy lids.

"Whew! It must have been quite a party," whistled the clerk "Where did you get that lovely egg on your forehead?"

"It's the laying season," grinned Mr. Magee. He drew a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket. The clerk eyed it hungrily. "Do you know the King of Spain?" demanded Mr. Magee.

"No, sir," said the clerk, eyes now wide open and glued to the bill.

"Well, he has a long nose and wears a checked suit," said Mr. Magee. "He speaks with a brogue, and if he calls on me he'll ask for the Prince Magee. Got it?"

The clerk nodded, open-mouthed.

"Don't forget," said Mr. Magee. "He's the only person in the world I want to see before noon. If any one else calls I won't see him if he has a letter from Bryan. Good-night!"

The crisp yellow-back bill which Mr. Magee had taken from his pocketbook quickly changed hands. "Good morning," said the clerk. A sleepy bellboy led Mr. Magee to his room. Two minutes later Mr. Magee was asleep.

(To be Continued Next Sunday.)

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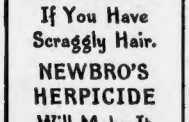

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Let Women Propose to Men They Love

By Elizabeth Eldredge

IF it is true that "love is of man's life a part, 'tis woman's whole existence." That is a sufficient reason why a woman should have the right to propose. The proposal is the pivot on which her whole future happiness rests, and yet all control of this crisis in her life has been taken out of her hands.

Hawthorne says, "The world should open up all its avenues to the passport of a woman's broken heart." But why wait until it is broken?

Giving a man the sole right of initiative in affairs of the heart implies that he has more to confer than a woman; that he brings more to the marriage relation than does she.

This is far from true unless we look upon marriage from a materialistic viewpoint, unless we consider it merely a convenient arrangment whereby two can live more cheaply under one roof than under two, unless we look upon paying the rent bill and the gas bill and the grocery bills as the most vital part of the marriage contract. To the spiritual side of marriage, to those innumerable services which can never be compensated by a pay envelope nor measured by a time clock, a woman gives fully as much if not more than a man.

As things are arranged now, for everything a woman wants, from a partner for a dance to a partner for life, she has to depend upon thought waves to bring them to her, and these waves are not yet sufficiently under control to be very satisfactory.

Then, too, in the struggle for existence man's mind has somewhat drifted away from romance. His emotional eye has gone rather dim. In matters of the heart intuition is always a safer guide than reason. Yet when it comes to the really vital and critical turning point in romance, when it is to be precipitated out of its nebulous condition and take definite form, it is not woman, the natural-born romancer, the connoisseur of hearts, but man who at his best handles it clumsily and sees it as through a glass darkly, who is called upon to take the decisive step.

Is it any wonder then that so many false steps are taken, that so many chances of happiness are allowed to slip through one's fingers? We hear about "ships that pass in the night," but I am sure that if it were left to a woman she would always be on the lookout, and very few ships would get by without a passing salute, anyway.

Any woman knows that some of the loveliest and most attractive members of her sex immediately become stilted and unnatural and lose all their charm in the presence of men whom otherwise they would attract. This reserve seems to be a sort of protective covering which nature throws about some of her rarest and most delicate types.

Ages of repression and false notions of what is womanly have enclosed them in a very thick shell, and man is the last person to suspect that there is a pearl of rare worth hidden within that shell.

Any scheme of things which makes personal happiness the result of mere chance, instead of the result of honest striving and effort, is bound to have a paralysing and perverting effect on character.

Woman is an emotional creature, and all her emotions come to a sharp focus when she loves. Yet it is then that initiative and activity, the natural outlet for emotions, is denied her. Indeed, the psychologist tells us that if emotion does not find its natural expression in action, it is almost sure to show up in some unnatural and unattractive form.

Surely no woman is proud of her sex when she sees a young girl resorting to giggles and purposeless chattering and insincerity and cattishness—in fact, anything—to somehow "get it over" to the young man that she is interested in him without overstepping the chalk line that has been so carefully drawn about her sex.

All the fact that is needed to explain why a girl who has acted sensibly and normally all her life suddenly seems to lose her ballast when she falls in love is the unnatural restriction imposed upon women. It is the logical outcome of a perverted will-power forced into inactivity. It is the natural outward expression of the hopeless confusion and anarchy which must take place in the nerve centres that control a woman's will-power when marriage is dangled before her eyes as the summum bonum of her existence, and then she is bound hand and foot and gagged and told any effort to bring about that marriage is both indelicate and unwomanly.

Is it any wonder under a system of training like this that woman sometimes seems to justify the accusation that she is less natural, less sincere and straightforward than men?

The Poet's Love

By Carolyn Wells

"AH, me," said the Poet, "I would that I could realize these fair visions I sing. The glorious, beauteous maidens I describe in my lyric numbers have no counterpart on this mundane planet."

"Say not so, O Poet," droned a Genie, who appeared, conveniently enough from nowhere; "I will send thee, as thou wishest, a mortal, who shall be, in very truth, the realization of all the rare and radiant maidens whom thou hast sung in thy lilting, and whom the angels would be justified in naming 'Lenore.'"

"Where is she?" gasped the Poet, "where is my glorious Goddess, with a voice like a chime of tinkling silver bells?"

"Here—am—I—come—," and a maiden appeared. Her voice was exactly like a chime of silver bells, and the metallic ring sounded queer enough. She chimed the phrase three times (because it was quarter to five) with the varying notes of a clock's chime, and it nearly drove the Poet frantic. "I am, indeed, thy Goddess," went on the clinking metal tones, "dost thou not recognize the rose leaf hands, with which thou hast ever endowed me? and the alabaster arms?" Well, if you can imagine the shock of the poor Poet!

She held out long arms of cold, hard carved alabaster, and at the end of each was a soft crumpled rose-petal instead of a hand!

"Why dost thou shudder?" she said disappointedly; "'tis but the realization of thine own posey. Stay, see my feet."

She thrust her tiny feet in and out from beneath her petticoat frills, and if you please they were like mice! Pointed noses and black beady eyes gave the Poet a positive turn, but what could he do? Had he not himself vowed the similitude?

In despair he turned his eyes to her face. She fixed him with a glance of her starry eyes. Starry, indeed. They were of the five pointed shape, and gleamed with a yellow light. Coyly she dropped over them a jetty fringe—the sort mother used to wear on her basque. "You said," she chimed, "by those lids whose jetty fringes kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge." Ay, he had said it; and now she laid her blooming cheek against his own. He had said her cheeks were peach-like—and they were. The frizzy skin of the peach felt like velvet rubbed the wrong way—a thing he never could stand!

Her swan-like neck was covered with tiny soft white feathers; and when she smiled, he saw two strings of pearl beads, like a double necklace. Her hair, of spun gold, scratched his face fearfully, but the climax came when she pressed her lips to his. For her lips, as he had avowed a hundred times, were of coral! That bauchy sort of coral, you understand, that they make babies' necklaces of.

With a mad shriek, the Poet flung her from him, and devoted the rest of his life to the writing of Realistic Prose.

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Health, Beauty And The Home.

A Lesson from Norway

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

JUST the other day there came to my desk a letter from one of my readers of this page. It was a delightful letter to receive, and in it this friend had taken the pains to contrast some of the customs of her Scandinavian country and our own.

After reading her letter I felt more than eager about what we can learn from "those foreigners"—foreigners who, however, are among our most true and thrifty Americans.

This housekeeper spoke particularly of the many kinds of fruit juices which were made from gooseberries, raspberries, etc., which we neglect to use, as well as grape juice, made so commonly by us. Naturally the difference in climate makes for different products. But it is true that many sections of our own country could grow berries and small fruits. In England and Scotland, gooseberries are as large as small plums, and are used raw as a fresh fruit, such is the sweetness and quality of them.

I have often spoken in favor of planting more small berry fruits. It is absurd to have to pay 20 cents for a half-pint basket of red raspberries when they can be made to grow so prolifically. In my own garden at the present writing we are having large, fine red raspberries of an everbearing variety. Blackberries and black currants, white and yellow currants should all be grown in every back yard. One row of berry bushes across a fifty-foot lot would, if cultivated, yield plenty for an average family.

Another berry mentioned by this writer was the "lingon," or small cranberry or whortleberry. This reminds me that our own native cranberry should be more widely used, and its use not restricted to service with game. Why do we not use more unstrained cranberry sauce? By adding a pinch of soda to the berries while cooking much of the acid is neutralized and less sugar required. Let them be cooked as "sauce," leaving the berries whole, to be eaten as a dessert with cake or cookies. Their tonic acid qualities are needed in the Winter diet.

My correspondent also mentions a "Jerusalem artichoke" and advocates its use as soup thickening. I know that I have spoken of this food, possibly not in these pages, but in other writings of mine. This artichoke, so miscalled (as it is in no way related to the typical artichoke), is a tuber and member of the potato family. It looks like a small gray potato which has grown bumps or protruberances in five or more directions. While consisting mostly of starch, its flavor is more delicate and its consistency is waxy. I myself use it boiled, then cut in dice and covered with cream sauce; or eaten cold peeled, as a salad with a French dressing. It is delightful in Winter.

The reason why this housekeeper of foreign extraction wrote me, she says, was because she was attracted by my recent article on good soups. She did not know that I lived in Europe for eight years, and that any one doing so comes to know what is "real soup." Of course it takes pains to make, and I think that is possibly why most American housekeepers do not make soup well—we are too hurried, too nervous, too anxious to get the work over with soon.

One cannot make good soup with only the bones left from a roast; there must be fresh bones, and plenty of them, including a knuckle, the marrow and the shin, well cracked, and allowed to simmer slowly after first putting in cold water. After making this stock it should stand, have the fat removed, and the vegetables and thickening added later. Soup and bread—these two are a "complete meal" in themselves, and the art of soup-making one that the thrifty American housekeeper should know well.

As I have often urged, let us at least make our children cosmopolitan eaters, if it is too late for us to learn. If I told my readers that beefsteak with sour cream on it was delicious, how many would believe me? Yet that dish is enjoyed every day by the typical well-to-do Russian family. And the Russian "borsch" soup made of beets sliced, and meat balls added, is fit for the deities who preside at feasts.

My own home has often been censured as to our eating habits, especially by my servants and helpers! We have baked lentils at least once a week, and spaghetti, and lima bean souffle and protose or peanut meat, and so on. We like these things and thrive on them—but how they long for pot-roast and gravy!

And so, no matter what my dear correspondent writes, I know that to change eating habits is one of the most difficult things in the world. I am trying to do it all the time. I am in favor of almost all the "foreign" dishes, and as I have said in these pages, I think the American cooks are the poorest in the world.

But, in order to show that this is the land of the free, even in foods and eating customs, I am going to ask my readers to send in to me each week some tried foreign recipe which they may have made in their own countries, or which have been handed down in their families. I do not wish any recipe copied from any cook book—I particularly wish the method of making it a success; and while economy will not entirely govern my choice, yet I shall prefer foreign dishes which are economical as well as tasty and adapted more to this approaching Winter season, so that all our friends can use and share them.

The only way in which the science of housekeeping or of cooking can be advanced is by an interchange of information. What each woman has learned in the home let her pass on to others.

Address all letters and recipes to me in care of this newspaper.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Chopped Dates in Hot Oatmeal, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Potato Souffle with Green Peppers, Turnip Greens Salad, Cookies, Tea. *Dinner* Emergency Soup, Braised Leg of Mutton, Boiled Rice, Currant Jelly, Lettuce and Banana Salad, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Apple Sauce, Eggs Beaten with Cereal, Fried Rice Balls, Baked Bacon, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cream of Turnip Soup, Gingerbread with Stewed Figs, Tea. *Dinner* Minced Mutton with Tomato Sauce, Browned Carrots, Cabbage Salad, Apple Cake.	*Breakfast* Prunes, Creamed Chipped Beef, Rolls, Coffee. *Luncheon* Baked Stuffed Potatoes with Cheese, Creamed Cabbage, Orange Jelly, Coffee. *Dinner* Casserole of Calf's Liver and Heart, Roasted Potatoes, Lettuce, Banana and Pineapple Salad, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Pears, Cereal, Oatmeal Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cheese Cream Sauce on Toast, Endive Salad, Crisp Crackers, Tea. *Dinner* Roast Guinea Hen, Corn Bread Stuffing, Baked Squash, Spinach, Pineapple Sponge, Foamy Sauce, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Baked Apples, Broiled Mackerel, Corn Bread, Sliced Tomatoes, Coffee. *Luncheon* Spinach Timbales with Spinach Puree, Muffins, Cocoa. *Dinner* Fruit Cocktail, Salt Codfish (New Orleans Style), Baked Potatoes, Small Steamed Puddings,	*Breakfast* Boiled Rice with Raisins, Scrambled Eggs, Coffee. *Luncheon* Creamed Guinea Hen with Green Peppers, Wheat Bread, Spiced Crabapples, Coffee. *Dinner* Emergency Soup, Smothered Rabbit, Glazed Onions, Canned Fruit, Sponge Cake, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Cereal, Rice Muffins, Coffee. *Dinner* Roast Pork, Browned Potatoes, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Brussels Sprouts, Cranberry Pie, Coffee. *Supper* Mock Oysters, Tomato Sauce, Baked Apples in Casserole, Tea.

Tested Carrot Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Carrots, New York Style.

WASH and scrape 6 carrots. Cut in pieces lengthwise and boil until tender. Drain and put in saucepan with 2 tablespoons butter, ½ tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of paprika, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley and 4 tablespoon lemon juice. Reheat and serve.

Carrot Balls.

WASH and scrape carefully. Cut in balls with a French vegetable cutter. Cook in boiling salted water until tender, drain and reheat in a very little melted butter and dust with salt and pepper. Carrots cut in balls or other shapes may be boiled and served in a maitre d'hotel butter, brown, white or curry sauce or in salad, either alone or in combination with other vegetables.

Sugared Carrots.

WASH and scrape carrots. Boil or steam and cut in quarters or eighths. Place in baking dish or saucepan, dot with a little butter, about enough to coat each piece, sprinkle with sugar and a suspicion of mace. Cook slowly until well seasoned and coated with the sugar.

Cream of Carrot Soup.

WASH, scrape and dice 2 cups carrots. Cook in 2 cups boiling water until tender. Press through sieve or potato ricer. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, blend well, add 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 cup milk and carrot liquid and pulp. Stir until smooth and creamy. A little freshly grated raw carrot may be sprinkled over the soup when it is ready to be served.

Carrot Timbales.

WASH and scrape carrots. Cut off the brightest colored portion of the carrots in thin slices lengthwise and pack into a quart measure. Melt 2 tablespoons butter and in it cook the carrots for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Then cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Press through potato ricer. Add 2 whole eggs and 1 or 2 yolks, salt and pepper to taste and beat vigorously. Butter small timbale moulds and garnish if desired with green peas, green pepper strips or fancy shapes cut from hard-boiled egg. Fill moulds two-thirds full, set in pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Brushing the Hair

By Lina Cavalieri
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

VERY few women know how to brush their hair properly.

Some, thinking it doesn't matter how it is done, begin the task as violently as though they were commencing to rake a potato patch. The scalp should be stirred up and made to perform its function of nourishing the hair. But the roots of the hair are among the most delicate organs in the body and should be treated with extreme consideration.

Only a small strand of hair should be combed at a time. And the hair should be held gently in the fingers of the other hand, close to the roots, while the comb is being wielded. Comb slowly with a long stroke, to the very end of the hair. After the snarls are all removed then brush, beginning with a soft stroke at the roots and sweeping with a long, firm stroke to the end of the hair.

If the hair is combed and brushed in too long strands it will have a heavy, ropy appearance after its brushing, whereas the ideal condition is that every hair should stand out separately from its fellows as a distinct individual. This gives the hair a peculiarly soft effect that takes off from the harsh outline of the features.

Be sure to brush the hair every night before retiring. Do not omit this brushing, for there is no other way to remove the accumulated **dust of the day.** You would not **go to bed without washing your** face, so you should be just as particular about your hair.

Two or three nights of this sort of **neglect will soon reveal itself in** falling hair. No matter how tired **you are or how late it is, do not** forego the brushing. You will find that it will also help to soothe your nerves, while preserving the beauty of your hair.

Hairdressers tell me that, as a rule, the American woman has beautiful hair, for it is usually thick and often curly, but when it curls or waves naturally it is inclined to be short. The French woman's hair has the same fault. English women, on the other hand, have beautifully long hair, but my authorities tell me they are more predisposed to baldness than either American or French women.

In London they wake the sleeping scalp with a brush made of whalebones. The whalebones are split and polished and set three or four inches deep into a firm but light back. This is an excellent disturber of dandruff, but should be used sparingly on a tender scalp.

In Paris I found hairbrushes with graduated bristles, so made that the bristles of the outer edges of the brush are one-half as long as those in the centre. These are called massage brushes, for the pressure upon the brush pushes the centre of the brush deeply into the scalp, while the outer edges stroke the hair.

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A COMFORTABLE NEGLIGEE (3056). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 4¼ yards of 36-inch material.

A NEW BLOUSE (3058). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material.

A NEW AND STYLISH SKIRT (3050). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2¾ yards of 44-inch material.

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How to manicure your own nails perfectly

Do you know that many people spoil their nails by the wrong kind of care? They let the cuticle edge grow until it becomes thick and rough, or they clip it with manicure scissors, which only makes it grow the more quickly!

"So beautifully smooth and even does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut."

GERALDINE FARRAR

IT is really so much simpler to keep your nails beautiful, your cuticle firm and even—the modern way. You just soften the dry, overgrown cuticle—you press it back—wash your hands—and the work is done! No fuss, no trouble, no injurious clipping.

The cuticle edge is only one-twelfth of an inch above the living, sensitive nail root! When you clip it you cannot help cutting into the live flesh which protects this sensitive nail root. How much better to remove over-grown cuticle by applying a little Cutex, the *safe* cuticle remover! Don't put it off another day. This very evening have a Cutex manicure and see how much better your nails will look than they ever looked before!

You will say, as many women have said to us—"Why didn't I try Cutex sooner? I never realized before how nice it feels to be actually proud of my finger nails!"

With a little cotton wrapped around the end of an orange-wood stick gently push back the cuticle at the base of each nail. Then wash the hands with warm water, pressing back the cuticle with the towel when drying the hands.

You will find the necessary orange-wood stick and absorbent cotton in the Cutex package. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick, dip it into the Cutex bottle and gently work the stick around the base of your nails. Wash your hands with warm water, pressing back the cuticle again while drying your hands. Then if you like snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath them.

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Madame, Mademoiselle,—

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Here in France, during the past four years, we have been absorbed in our troubles. And yet always have we — my co-workers and I — admired the generous encouragement you in America have given us, and the patience with which you have waited for the shipments of my *parfum* Djer-Kiss in all its *Spécialités.* That you have never doubted—never wavered—in your belief in our ultimate triumph over difficulties—this has cheered us along the road to braver accomplishment.

You will be glad to learn that the new *parfumerie* will be able to make all the Djer-Kiss creations in quantities greater and greater to meet your ever-increasing needs. And it is with pleasure I announce a growing confidence that you will be able to find at all times your favorite *Spécialités* at your shops.

Avec l'assurance de mes sentiments sincères,

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